

tail. One Robin had a perfect fan-shaped tail with the ordinary white marking on the two outer tail feathers. In a few specimens the white eye-ring was absent, in others it was very pronounced. One brood of young Thrashers were of a decidedly darker shade of brown in plumage.

The past year with its high winds, hail, and heavy rainfall, proved most disastrous to nests and young birds, and to adults as well. The Mourning Doves suffered particularly, their nests being so flimsy. One pair finally took possession of an abandoned Robin shelter, which in this particular case did not better conditions any, for the terrific hail storm late in September so frightened the young birds that they hopped out of the nest. I found one of the young birds that same night, brought it into the house where I kept it till the next morning, when I banded and released it. That same morning my neighbor found the other bird, all but dead, a victim of the raging elements. Later in the day I found the mother Bluebird, dead, both wings broken by the hail.

My experience in bird banding has raised this question: Do the adult birds go south in advance of the young? In 1924 I banded all birds on the right leg, in 1925 on the left leg. Toward the latter part of July and August, it struck that I very seldom saw a bird banded on the right leg, either in vicinity of my traps, on my walks in the park close by, or afield. I believe the theory has been advanced, that they go into seclusion during the molting period. Why, then, did I not see them in the secluded places? On the morning of August 27, as I idly watched the congregating martins I became conscious of the fact that there were so few full plumaged males among them. In a flock of one hundred there were but seven. Did the majority of the males go south earlier?

What returns from 383 birds banded in 1925, will the coming spring bring in its wake?

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

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## NECROLOGY

LEROY TITUS WEEKS was born February 1, 1854, at Mount Vernon, Iowa. With his parents, he removed by covered wagon to Osborne, Kansas, in 1872, in which neighborhood his life was spent until he returned to attend Cornell College, Mount Vernon, from which he received the degree of B. A. in 1883. He was ordained to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church and spent two years as a home missionary in the Salmon River Mountains in Idaho. He was married to Ida Anna Alborn at Smith Center, Kansas, in 1894. After her death, in 1913, he married Ada Pauline Kuhn, of Evanston, Illinois, who survives him.

As an author, Dr. Weeks published two volumes of poems and a Handbook of the Sonnet. At the time of his death he was contemplating the editing of another book on the Sonnet, an anthology of bird poems, and a handbook of Grammar.

Dr. Weeks may be accorded a prominent place in Iowa in two fields of activity: that of the poet and that of the ornithologist. It is the purpose of this sketch to treat of him in the latter field. He was not only a bird lover, but a bird student. He was indefatigable in his efforts to get out in the field and get his knowledge of birds first hand. The migration season found him in the field a great deal of the time, and despite his years, he would tire many a younger

man on these tramps. It was only a year ago when he told me of having walked nearly twenty miles taking the Christmas Bird Census which is sponsored annually by *Bird-Lore*. He was then past seventy years of age.

It has been my great pleasure to go with him on several early morning hikes in the field, and I can see him yet trudging along beside me, each of us holding an end of a stick in the middle of which was hung a suit-case containing bread, bacon, eggs, a skillet and a coffee pot with which we intended to breakfast. We never paused to rest but attention was given to some bird note, or some sudden movement in the underbrush nearby.

Those of us who frequently attended the sessions of the Wild Life School, or of the Iowa Ornithologists' Union can never forget his personality, and the personality which he put into the meetings. His spirit and enthusiasm were highly contagious, and we felt for him a genuine love and affection, as well as veneration for his years and experience.

The American School of Wild Life Protection will continue, and the Iowa Ornithologists' Union will meet again and again in its annual meeting, but in each there will be a change in the atmosphere; he who was before a vital, forceful presence, is now a most cherished memory and we shall speak his name with reverence.

Since news of his death came to me, I have thought often of the inspiration he has been whenever I met him or heard from him, and these lines from his "Ode to the Bobolink" I have repeated to myself again and again, and I am constrained to quote them here in closing:

"Pinklety-panklety-punkle-pinkle,"  
 So his broken revels sprinkle  
 O'er me till I catch the sweetness  
 Of the season's rich completeness,—  
 Till my soul escapes its keeper,  
 Leaves the earth, and soars to deeper  
 Vasts of light, by wing unaided,  
 Where bird and earth are hushed and faded.  
 And upon my inner vision  
 Breaks the glow of fields Elysian,  
 While from hosts of the Eternal  
 Comes the symphony supernal,  
 And those songs I lisped and stuttered  
 I hear again divinely uttered.

His life was one of a wide range of interest, and of varied experience. We bird students and bird lovers never came in contact with the man but we came away feeling that we had drunk at a spring of never-failing enthusiasm and inspiration. How we shall miss him, only those of us who knew him well can know. To me, his going is as if he had simply stepped over the brow of a hill, field glass in hand, bent on investigating some new tract of territory, his eye fired with eagerness, his jovial face lighted with a smile of anticipation.—  
 CHAS. G. SPIKER.